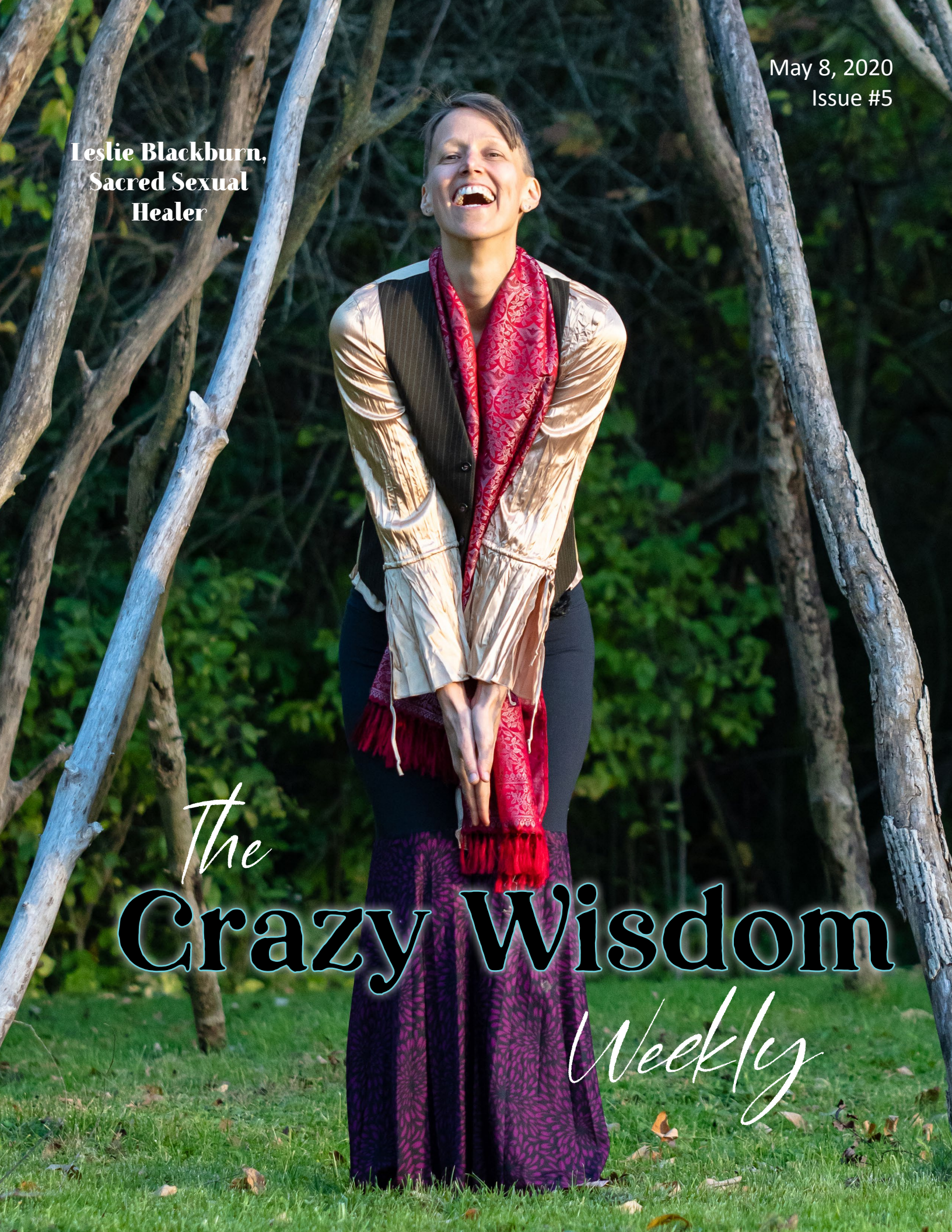

May 8, 2020
Issue #5

Leslie Blackburn, Sacred Sexual Healer

The Crazy Wisdom Weekly

shining a light in the dark
Published by the *Crazy Wisdom Community Journal* during the Pandemic.

The Crazy Wisdom Weekly

A Letter From Our Editor

Lately, I've been feeling a little like Snow White. No, not like a princess living in a castle whose every whim is catered to, but the Snow White before she is rescued.

A girl, plagued by an evil force in her world, flees, trying to run from it. Thankfully, she finds a place to call home and people to care for, and that care for her (even if one is quite grumpy). Just when she is feeling safe again, the evil force finds her. Disguised in a figure of love and kindness, the evil persuades Snow White to go against the feeling she has in her gut—to distrust what her body is telling her. She bites into the poisoned apple and falls into a deep, enchanted sleep.

Her friends, not knowing how to deal with what is essentially a living corpse, place her in a glass coffin. If her eyes were open, she could've seen the beautiful world outside, but she couldn't touch it. Thankfully, again, a charming young man (who just happens to be a prince!), has heard of her plight, and comes to investigate. He falls in love with her beauty immediately, and breaks the enchanted sleeping spell, and you know the rest of the story.

Now, I know you're asking, what in the heck does this have to do with anything? Besides the maybe not obvious fact that Snow White and I share dark haired beauty (wink), I, and many other citizens of this country, am also stuck in a glass "coffin". It's a beautiful Victorian in a small Michigan town with lots of windows that the sunshine streams through. The spring flowers are in full bloom and most days it looks and feels like a typical spring day.

But every once in a while, I catch a glimpse of a neighbor walking a dog past our house on the sidewalk with a mask on and I am reminded that I'm discouraged from leaving my glass coffin. The mask has become a very public sign of a silent evil—I call it fear—that lurks in the shadows, watching for the perfect opportunity to offer me that poisoned apple.

My saving grace is finding perfect moments during an imperfect time. My hope is that you are finding those moments too.

Jennifer Carson

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RSSAA campuses will be closed through the remainder of the 2019-20 school year. During this time we will continue to educate our students and support our community through our project-based learning, live online classes, regular communications with families and maintaining a daily and weekly rhythm for our students.

Prospective families are welcome to explore our website and reach out to admissions@steinerschool.org or call 734-210-1069 for information and to start a conversation.

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Please read our parent publication, *The Crazy Wisdom Community Journal*. You can find online archives on our website, crazywisdomjournal.com. *The Crazy Wisdom Journal* has been published three times a year since 1995.

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Wendy Piepenburg
Sue Burton Hildago
Jennifer Carson
Bill Zirinsky

Word of the Week:

Metanoia

The journey of changing one's mind, heart, self, or way of life.

Because of Covid-19, we didn't publish our usual springtime *Crazy Wisdom Community Community Journal* in mid-April. (We will publish it later on in the spring.) But in the meantime, we thought we'd create a weekly online version—short, and lively, and perhaps a mild distraction for our local and regional readership. We welcome articles, interviews, recipes, wisdom, personal essays, breathing exercises, favorite places for socially distant walks, news of your dogs, whatever. Send your submission to Jennifer@crazywisdom.net.

Breathing out fear

By Kapila Castoldi

In these times of uncertainty, fear has surfaced in all of us as our greatest enemy. I'd like to share a few words of wisdom by my teacher, Sri Chinmoy, about overcoming fear and a related breathing technique.

> "Our body is limited; that is why the body experiences fear. To free our body from fear, what we need is the experience of our soul. Fear comes from our deep-rooted ignorance. We do not see the light with our inner vision. We see the light with our outer, limited understanding. We are wanting in light. When light enters into our physical consciousness, every kind of fear is bound to disappear.
>
> If we go deep within, we will feel the inner courage that belongs to us. It is in our inner existence that we can grow into an adamantine will and, when we use our adamantine will, we can conquer the very breath of fear. There can be no fear when we live in the effulgence of our soul. Darkness is transformed into light, fear into strength, doubt into certainty, ignorance into wisdom, and death into immortality."

Becoming aware of your breath

When breathing, try to breathe in as slowly and quietly as possible, so that if somebody placed a tiny thread in front of your nose, it would not move at all. And when you breathe out, try to breathe out even more slowly than when you breathed in. If possible, leave a short pause between the end of your first exhalation and the beginning of your second inhalation.

Breathing in peace and joy

Each time you breathe in, try to feel that you are bringing into your body peace—infinite peace. The opposite of peace is restlessness. When you breathe out, try to feel that you are expelling the restlessness within you and also the restlessness that you see all around you. When you breathe this way, you will find restlessness leaving you.

After practicing this for a few times, please try to feel that you are breathing in power from the universe. And when you exhale, feel that all your fear is coming out of your body. After doing this a few times, try to feel that what you are breathing in is joy—infinite joy, and what you are breathing out is sorrow, suffering, and melancholy.

Dr. Kapila Castoldi is a physicist and long-term student of spiritual teacher Sri Chinmoy. She offers free introductory meditation and Ayurveda classes to the Ann Arbor community. For more information please contact castoldi@oakland.edu or visit meditationannarbor.com

5 QUESTIONS FOR Eileen Patra

1. When did you realize that you were a storyteller?

Well, I guess I've always been a storyteller, especially as an adolescent making up stories about my whereabouts and alibis for my parents and Catholic school teachers. I began to more fully recognize this gift, however, when I became involved in youth ministry. There, I found my voice and the ability to present abstract ideas. My fear of public speaking dissipated, and I grew to love using story as a teaching tool. Later, as a Unity minister, I found storytelling a great way to express spiritual ideas on Sunday mornings and in workshops.

2. What is it that you love about books/stories?

I love the sense of connection, the inspiration to ponder new ideas, and the means of escape. When I read, I feel connected to the author and those who have inspired the author, earthly, and otherwise. At times I feel an additional sense of connection to those who are also reading the same book, perhaps making the same discoveries as me. I enjoy exploring new ideas and concepts. And when I read fiction, I relish delving into another world, one that provides a respite from the world in which I currently live. Sometimes, like during this current coronavirus pandemic, I find that pause is especially necessary for maintaining peace of mind, and always it is an integral part of growth.

3. What inspired you to write *The Mystical Ark*?

The Mystical Ark: A Vessel of Blessings is my first published book. It is the culmination of nearly twenty years of spiritual and metaphysical studies. The idea at the core of the book began to emerge when I served as a youth ministry volunteer at a local Unity church. I became fascinated with what Unity calls metaphysical Bible interpretation. This method of study asserts that the Bible is more than history and law. It is the story of unfolding consciousness, collective and personal. Exploring the Ten Commandments, in the context of God within, versus God above, I found a much deeper meaning to the words believed as inscribed in stone hidden in a lost ark. My first expression of these ideas came as a children's ministry curriculum writer for the middle school kids I was teaching. The curriculum was titled *Seekers of the Lost Ark.*

Later, as an ordained Unity minister, I incorporated these ideas into a series of Sunday talks for my adult congregation. I recall being a bit nervous about presenting those talks. The subject matter seemed too established in the conscious mind as concrete commands from a transcendent deity to explore on a deeper personal level – but I felt compelled to share them. The talks were exceptionally well received, and people began asking when I would finish the series and if I would be writing a book about it.

So, I began writing a book, a collection of essays culled from the Sunday talks. Although the ideas were somewhat esoteric and abstract, adding concrete examples offered ways to apply the principles to everyday life.

Then one morning, as the book was nearing completion, I awoke from an unusually vivid dream. A small group of explorers, clothes torn and blood-spattered, surrounded a box. It was the Ark of the Covenant, and they had survived grave danger to find it. When one member of the team was actually able to touch the Ark, it opened. And when it did, they were transported into another realm where deep wisdom and understanding were bestowed upon them.

I knew this scene was supposed to be in the book. I fancied it would be the opening to the book, a vignette to introduce the essays. As I began writing the scene, one character, Elena, seemed to take the forefront, and I decided she should reappear at the beginning of each chapter.

When the new version of the book was nearing completion, I attended a writer's conference and submitted the first ten pages for review by a published author. The feedback I received was that the fictional story was great, but going back and forth to the essays was jarring. The author suggested that I create characters to tell the rest of the story.

That sounded great, but I was somewhat mystified at the prospect. I had no idea how to create characters. I sought the advice of two more readers, one a family member who always tells me the truth, and the other was the editor I planned to engage before publishing. Both of these readers, not knowing the feedback I had already received, offered the same advice. Great story. Lose the essays. So, I did. And it was one of the most exhilarating experiences of my life.

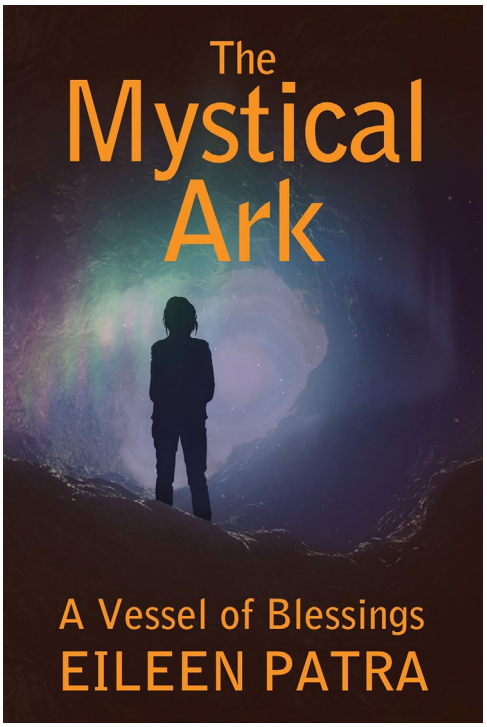
4. What was one of the most surprising things you learned while writing this book?

First was that I could write fiction—and I could do it well. The second was that fiction is a terrific medium for expressing spiritual concepts. Ideas that seemed challenging to put into words or too abstract to communicate came through beautifully when embedded in the thoughts and actions of characters. The Mystical Ark was my first attempt at fiction, and I found it both exhilarating and a very effective means of communicating my innermost thoughts and ideas about life and spirituality.

5. As a child, what did you dream of becoming when you grew up?

I dreamt of becoming an artist, a visual artist. Although I wrote as a youth—mostly poetry—it was painting, sculpting, and mixed media that garnered my attention. Much later, I found my ability to give shape and form to abstract ideas coupled with my Irish gift for gab a terrific combination for both the written and spoken word. I funneled my creative skills into my spiritual messages and articles. The more I wrote, the more I found writing a deft vehicle for expressing spiritual ideas.

Eileen Patra, is an ordained Unity Minister, Licensed Unity Teacher, Certified Spiritual Educator, and life-long student of spiritual studies. She resides in Michigan with her husband Steve and their two pets, Jessie & Shadow. You can visit her online at eileenpatra.com.



Purchase a copy of The Mystical Ark through shopcrazywisdom.com

Judy Insley spent her early childhood on 77 acres of sprawling pastures in rural Michigan. An only child, she spent countless hours exploring her immediate world from the back of her faithful Shetland pony. Along the way, she developed a great fondness for her surroundings and all the creatures with whom she shared it. Judy was also consistently drawn to the music emanating from the radio inside the horse barn...and totally mesmerized by anyone strumming a guitar in her presence.

Now, as a “seasoned” adult, she still loves to hang out with horses, but also swims with dolphins and cuddles with cats. She still believes in the inter-connectedness of all things...and in music as a healing unifier.

Judy's music has been called "insightful" and "poetic." Her comfortable, instinctive vocals and skillful guitar and mandolin playing provide a strong foundation for heartfelt lyrics and flowing melodies.

You can find out more about Insley on her website. Listen to Insley performing live on her Facebook page.

Ann Arbor School of Massage, Herbal, and Natural Medicine

Submitted by Mary Light

The Ann Arbor School of Massage, Herbal, and Natural Medicine has been offering an advisory service for herbal medicine use and providing herbal therapeutics from their Herbal Apothecary and dispensary. For non-complex issues they are waiving consultation fees through July. They have private "outdoor pickup" for those who prefer, and see clients by appointment. For many, herbal therapeutics are an essential choice for wellbeing.

The school is offering an open house on May 23, with a talk about designing a medicine garden from 9:30 a.m. to 11 a.m. for a small fee of $12.00. Following the open house is a free informational session for massage therapy training from 11:30 a.m. to 1 p.m. Programs will be held with social distancing in mind. If you are concerned, or to confirm program is still on, please call ahead of time.

They are also offering discount coupons for health/massage/bodywork services which can be used throughout 2020. $25.00 per prepaid visit, limit ten. Regular clinic fee is $34.00. These discount coupons are available to purchase through July 31, 2020. Rejuvenate and get back in sync!

For more information visit the Ann Arbor School of Massage, Herbal, and Natural Medicine online at gaiaherbalstudies.net. Download a list of services provided, here. See their Facebook page for more information about upcoming events.

Crazy Wisdom Book Pick of the Week

This week's book pick of the week is from *Crazy Wisdom Community Journal* Managing Editor, Jennifer Carson.

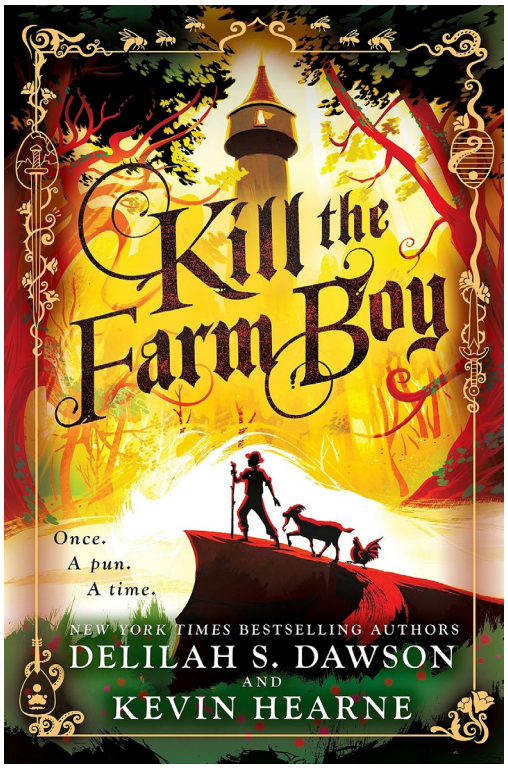
Kill the Farm Boy
by Delilah S. Dawson and Kevin Hearne

Need a good laugh? Like a a writer who has a fabulous handle on the English language and has fun with words? Want an escape from the pandemic? Jump into Pell, a land of fantasy adventure.

With laugh out loud funny scenes and interesting characters, *Kill the Farm Boy* will keep you in stitches. If you like Terry Pratchett or Monty Python, you'll enjoy this "Chosen One" storyline turned on its head.

You can purchase this book through Crazy Wisdom's online shop.

Click here to purchase a copy of *Kill the Farm Boy*.



Yoga
Pose of the Week

CHATUSH PADASANA

By David Ufer

Chatush Padasana, meaning hands holding feet, or in this pose, the hands interlocked.

This pose in Iyengar Yoga is considered to be both active and restorative. The legs actively lift the hips and expand the chest.

The expansion of the chest benefits the lungs and the heart. Because the head and neck are lower than the heart, the pose is also a mild inversion. The muscular skeletal benefits are present in the active legs, the rotation of the arms and shoulders to open the chest, and the elasticity of the spine in extension. Repeat, interlocking the hands the other way.

Folks with high blood pressure should seek the guidance of a teacher. The breath should not be held or the facial muscles tensed. Especially in these times, an expansive pose is needed.

David Ufer had the privilege of directing the Ann Arbor YMCA Yoga Program for ten years and ran, with his wife, Karen Lena Ufer, the Yoga Camp Al-Gon-Quain in northern Michigan, during that same ten year span. David taught yoga for the Y, the Ann Arbor Rec & Ed Department, University of Michigan athletic teams, and multiple high school athletic teams, and he has taught all levels of classes at Yoga Focus since 1993.

From Our Blog

SLOWING DOWN TO OPEN UP

By Beth Barbeau

We hear along the way that different stages of life bring different mindsets and perspectives. “Sure, sure,” was my younger response. I believed it, but could not conceive it. The bold present can be quite dazzling, or at least demanding, when we are filled primarily with the future. And now, a bit over that 56-year-old line in the primordial dirt, the horizon has a different flavor.

The present is slower, and there seems to be more space available between the molecules. The ability to breathe deep seems to be growing, and the willingness to catch up by taking a nap is, too. As a midwife, I spend a considerable amount of time with young parents to-be, and they often expect to birth their baby and mostly get back to their lives. “Babies,” I tell them, “are not on iPhone time.” We need to slow down for them, and take the time to do quite a bit more being with these fresh ones. Pretty consistently, the mothers who take the time to spend a few quietish weeks with the babies on their chests, “skin-to-skin,” seem to ‘luck out’ more often with calm, bright-eyed babies who settle into life pretty comfortably alongside their families. Perinatal psychology has been discovering that when the adults slow down and pair the baby’s pacing…baby and parent more comfortably synchronize together. The pause creates space for growth and adaption.

What about us grown-ups slowing down to synchronize, too? Couldn’t we also benefit from space to grow and adapt as we move through our lives? Perhaps we could synchronize our breath to our own heartbeat, to hear our own dreams, or to connect to children, partner, or community…

I’ve quite frankly found it pretty challenging to routinely bend to the gifts of quiet time. Not being much for coffee, cigarettes, or wine, it seemed I even missed the American rituals that build in a pause.

I found a pause recently, though, in a gift from a wise friend. A modern, clear, silicone hot water bottle. So handsome in it’s simplicity, just fill with boiling water. Then retire, cradling the hot little pillow, and let the heat creep across, from silicone to bones. Nothing one can do to rush a hot water bottle. No dial to crank up, but there is something about a capable hot water bottle that encourages sighs of release. An unwinding. A melding.

Read more about slowing down on our blog.

What's Up in Our Community

The Crazy Wisdom staff has missed seeing and interacting with many of you during our period of quarantine and we wondered what you were up to—so we asked!!

Leslie Blackburn is a sacred sexual healer & transformational guide. Learn more about working with Blackburn on her website.

During this quarantine time you haven't been able to see clients face-to-face, so how are you filling your days?

I am seeing clients remotely, so that's part of it. I'm also caring for and tending to the land here and learning about our space. I'm deeply honored that we got land in our new space in Ann Arbor which I talked about in a prior article in the fall (you can find this interview in Issue #73, in the What's New in Our Community article), and that it happened in time for us to be here. So, in this new space in nature we have a garden and so I've been tending to the garden. I've also been working on editing my book, which is scheduled to be published later this year. And taking more time to listen to my body and care around what I need for self-care and space. And laying my belly on the ground on the land outside, or singing, or yoga, or movement. All ways that I'm caring for and listening to the pace and the way it needs to be different in my day.

When you find yourself blue and feeling isolated from friends, what do you do to feel better?

I go outside and lay with my belly on the ground, in the grass. I put my face in the moss. Or I sit with my "sitbones" down on the ground and I rock, and I hum, and I sing, maybe cry. And I go for a walk on the trails. I feel the sunlight on my skin when I can. I get my fingers in the garden. If I can't get outside, I'll just lay down on the floor and roll, and breathe, and move.

What daily habit have you acquired that you'd like to keep when this period of quarantine is over?

I kinda touched on it, I think. My daily practice—I get outside, bare feet on the land, at least once or twice a day. I will continue that, and I've also deepened in some energetic awareness practices that I'm continuing with. But really getting my body engaged with the ground, my belly, and song, and movement, and actually giving space for my body to open, and be, has been an important part of my practice. So, I intend to keep that, and to listen. I'll say part of that daily habit is listening to my body more regularly, ongoing, for what's next.

What's the first thing you want to do that you haven't been able to do once the quarantine is lifted?

Hmmm…have friends over and lay in a big snuggle pile. And just rest and breathe together.

What one guilty pleasure have you indulged in while in quarantine?

Photo by Robert Chester

I have so many pleasures that I love, but I don't really feel guilty about them. I guess the one I feel guilty about is, I do my best to stay off screens as much as possible, and yet one little guilty pleasure is that I found that *The New York Times* has this mini-crossword, mini-puzzle, and this little thing, it's called the spelling bee game where there's seven letters and you create words from these seven letters, and I enjoy just sitting down and getting on those games and playing them. Especially because that particular website has no ads, and nothing flaring up. It's just simple. Mini-crossword and little bee puzzle. And that's been a little bit of a guilty pleasure—letting myself be on the screen for that.

COMFORT FOOD

Peach or Apricot Pork Chops

Adapted by Angelas Madaras with inspiration from Jamie Oliver

Serves two.

Ingredients:

- 2 thick pork chops with rind
- 4 cloves garlic peeled and sliced (use jarred or frozen)
- 1 Tbsp dried rosemary or 2 sprigs fresh de-branched leaves
- 1- 15 ounces canned peaches or apricots in light syrup (cut fruit in half). You can use whatever fruit you have available.
- ¼ cup bourbon or brandy or whatever you have that would burn
- 1 glass of white wine to drink while cooking

Cut rind off the chops and place them in a frying pan, either cast iron or non-stick. Cook them until they are crispy then take out of pan and place onto a napkin lined plate to drain off the grease.

Preheat broiler to high. Season both sides of chops with salt, pepper, and garlic powder. Score the remaining fat in a criss-cross pattern then place the chops fat side down in a pan on the stove on high heat.

Cook until golden brown then turn until you have cooked each side of the porkchop. This process takes constant attention for three to four minutes. Now set pork chops flat in pan and cook another five minutes on each side on medium heat. Move chops to a plate and drain off the juices.

Place pan back on stove set at medium heat and add garlic. Cook just until is has softened, then add rosemary and the drained fruit. Cook while gently rolling the pan a little to keep everything moving.

Once all fruit is golden, add the alcohol of choice and set it on fire carefully. I use a long tip lighter. Once flames die off turn off heat and plate the chops with the fried rind as a garnish and a few sprigs of rosemary sprinkled over top of dish.

Serve with a vegetable side and smashed potatoes or squash.

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Space for Authenticity

By Michelle McLemore

It was about week three of Shelter-at-home 2020 that the "true" hair color memes began heralding the latest hair trend—real roots. A type of reverse hombre. It was inevitable considering hair salons were, and still are, deemed "non-essential." However, in labeling them as such, it may be forcing an identity crisis for many women—one that women have previously suffered privately.

For me, I started the self-searching a few years ago. Originally, I started dying my hair for fun in eighth grade with the total support of my mom at the kitchen sink and a cheap box of dye. When I moved into my own home with a water softener, suddenly I (and my new husband) realized I wasn't really a red head. I had plain brown hair. My husband teased me about deceiving him and it didn't feel like me when I looked in the mirror so…the dyeing continued. Eventually (decades later) my gray roots were coming in every three weeks and my scalp became sensitive to even hair salon dyes. I struggled with reconciling ME with the gray frame. It took three tries to let my gray come in…three tries to finally let go of trepidation and fears—and there were plenty:

- Fear about aging
- Fear about ageism in relationships
- Fear about ageism in the work place

Why was it such a struggle? I realized that growing up (and still today), I knew very few women with gray hair. My grandmother in her 70s and a couple elderly neighbors. That was it. No women in their 30s, 40s, 50s, or 60s. How could that be? Why was it, and why is it still, common for women to not be comfortably sporting their natural hair colors? Even my dear mother through her final years would chide me saying, "You are too young to go gray" and she herself kept her hair dyed up until her passing. Her position showed me how strongly the anti-gray sentiment for females was ironically rooted. What was deemed "pretty" and "professional" has definitely not aligned with "natural" for a long time in Western culture.

I remember hearing the comments occasionally when someone was going through a rough patch of life. People would whisper how the poor woman was "letting herself go" because her hair was "unkempt." We've all heard comments similar to "Gray hair means you are old," "Gray looks 'dignified' on men but just looks old on women," and "Men can get away with gray hair."

Even my granddaughter one day noticed the gray coming into my hair while we were outside and said, "Grandma the snow is turning your hair white." I asked what she thought about it. Without hesitation, she wrinkled up her nose and said, "I don't like it. Fix it." At the young age of six, a child was disturbed by the natural flow of life. This bothered my heart.

Remember the movie *Poltergeist*? I don't know how old I was but one scene is engraved in my memory. It was when the mother is at the sink preparing to dye the white stress streak that had emerged after the harrowing experience of rescuing her daughter. She stared at herself in the glass and decided to leave the streak. I remember thinking, what a powerful, confident move. She chose a life affirmation visual—to embrace her battle scar. Why should we hide our battle scars which testify to our valuable experience? Why should society see gray and presume we have nothing of quality left to contribute?

Certainly dyeing one's hair can be fun and an artistic outlet. Yet, I've spoken with many women who don't do it because of that. They admit to dyeing their hair so they don't look "old." In doing so, they daily, subconsciously, contend with a lie—who they are compared to how they appear.

I don't know if the quarantine at home has lasted long enough to force people to truly look at and accept themselves without the makeup, the eyelash extensions, perfectly manicured fake nails, threaded eyebrows, and dyed hair. But, imagine if all the women (or even five percent) who had performed these "beauty regimens" because of societal expectations, decide they will not dye their hair again—but rather grow it out as a mark of survival and acceptance that how they look is not the ultimate mark of who they are. In a few months, society would look much different with women in their 30s and up sporting gray, silver, and white streaks. Salt and pepper would be the new norm.

People would have to re-evaluate what strength, intelligence, experience, health, and yes, beauty looks like. We would have to wait for demonstration of skill before declaring judgement about someone's date-ability, employability, or friendship potential. We, as a society, would redefine "old" and perhaps value it as other cultures have done.

Honoring natural as normal won't happen right away. Possibly never, in this culture where many still make their living on 'improving" women's looks. (The increase of body sculpting girdle commercials online is evidence of this.) Still, maybe we are coming into a space to redefine beauty for ourselves.

Thoreau wrote, "I went to the woods because I wished to live deliberately, to front only the essential facts of life, and see if I could not learn what it had to teach, and not, when I came to die, discover that I had not lived." We went by mandate to our apartments and homes because we wished to live desperately. We had to be yanked free from the pattern, the prison of over-scheduled lives so we may "live deep and suck out all the marrow of life" and in this space and time, rediscover what truly is a life worth living. Rediscover family, and meaningful conversation, and our beautiful, noble, true authenticity.

Synchronistically as I was drafting this article, holistic practitioner, Austeen Freeman, shared a reading from her new oracle card deck *The Mystic Wanderer*. "We are 'beautifully undone.' Beautifully ruined and in thus, free to start over creating ourselves in a new vision. I submit, it is not letting yourself go: it is letting go of that which never honestly served you."

To learn more about Michelle McLemore, you can follow her on Facebook @MichelleMcLemoreHealingGuide or on Twitter @ HeartofJourney. She is also listed on the Healing Beyond Borders website practitioner directory. Contact her by email at energy@michellemclemore.com.

To learn more about the forthcoming deck, The Mystic Wanderer, please visit the publisher's website.

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If you're needing insight and would like to schedule a new appointment or be added to our waitlist, please call 734.330.4709. We'll schedule a time to take a look at your life and connect with lost loved ones, find insight, and heal.

Sue Burton Hildago
email: sue@suehidalgo.com
Learn more online at www.suehidalgo.com
During this uncertain time, it's important to care for yourself. Enjoying a personal psychic reading with me—completely online—is a great way to refresh your spirit and give yourself a little love.

Artwork by Jennifer Carson. See more on her website.

I join you, Sun, in making light and warmth.
—Laurel Decker Hogge
laurelwellness.org
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